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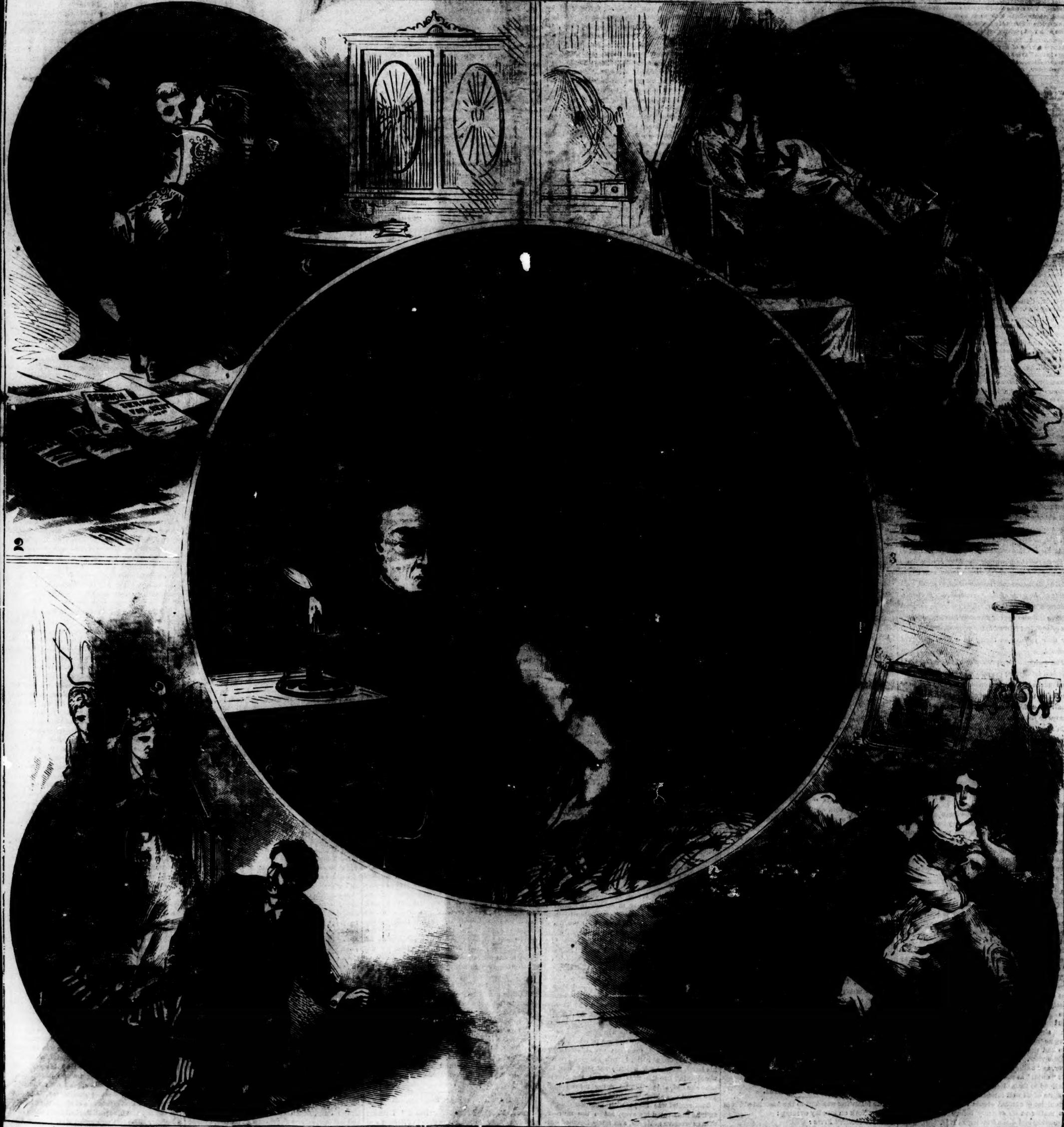
# NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

Illustrating the Sensational and Extraordinary Events of The Day.

Vol. XXXII.—No. 31.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

Price Ten Cents.



1—A DEMONIAC DEED—GUSTAVE MESTAG, OF ANVERS, BELGIUM, MURDERS HIS WIFE AND CUTS HER BODY INTO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE PIECES. 2—THE BISHOP MOONSHINE SCANDAL, MICHIGAN—SCENE BETWEEN THE ALLEGED SINFUL CHURCH DIGNITARY AND HIS FAIR AMANUENSIS, AS DEPICTED IN THE REVELATIONS. 3—FATAL SHOOTING OF SAMUEL HENDERSON BY JOHN PHILLIPS, IN MISS POWERS' BACHELOR, DECATUR, ALABAMA. 4—MRS. REPANGEBERG COWHIDING HERBERT KENNETH FOR ALLEGED SLANDER OF HER DAUGHTER, HOBOKEN, N. J. 5—PIERCE ENCOUNTERED BETWEEN WILLIAM HOGLIN AND DR. LOWE, HIS WIFE'S SEDUCER, DAYTON, O.

## National Police Gazette

ESTABLISHED 1844.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

## TO NEWSDEALERS.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is the largest, best and most authentic paper of its kind published. The trade supplied by the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY, and NATIONAL NEWS COMPANY. Dealers cannot lose by keeping the GAZETTE constantly on hand as it is UNRIVALLED IN USUAL. Order the paper on these terms from the News Company you deal with.

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## Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canadian provinces, from foreign countries, and news concerning incidents of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

F. E. De L., Madison, Ind.—Will appear in our next. R. A. C., St. Albans, Vt.—Write us further particulars.

A. M. D., Elmira, N. Y.—Will probably use in our next issue.

J. H. H., Henderson, Texas.—Already gave an account of it.

C. W. K., Delaware, O.—Thanks; will be glad to have account of the trial.

Chicago 2, Chicago, Ill.—The place is all right; have forwarded your letter there.

L. F. M., Moline, Ill.—Item is good, but crowded out this week by press of matter.

Hono, Paris, Ill.—Thanks; photos will appear. Can you send us further items and photos?

M. A. B., Bell's Depot, Tenn.—Have not used it, but probably will. Send further particulars.

B. F., White Church, Ky.—Send us account of what was done with the murderer, and other items.

C. A. F., Ashland Harbor, O.—Could not use the item this week, but will be glad to hear from you again.

J. G. M., Champaign, Ill.—Will be glad to hear from you at any time. The item had been received previously.

J. R. M., Detroit, Mich.—Thanks for your effort in the matter. You will see we have acted with discretion in regard to it.

F. N., Detroit, Mich.—Published your account; photo also. Let us hear from you, or send your address that we may write to you.

S. W. G., Champaign, Ill.—Had received and illustrated account of the affair, which appeared in our last issue before your letter came to hand.

Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.—Our forms are closed ready to go to press on Saturday afternoon. Articles to insure publication should be on hand by Friday night. We can hardly make use of correspondence later. As you will see we are pushed for space this week. Have made inquiry but are unable to give you any reliable information concerning the firm in question.

## OUR ENLARGEMENT.

Owing to the greatly increased demands upon our space, consequent upon an immensely extended circulation, it has been deemed necessary to enlarge the GAZETTE to a sixteen-page sheet. In that form it will shortly and thereafter be issued, with sixteen pages of illustrations and reading matter, instead of eight, as heretofore.

All the striking criminal and sensational affairs of the day will be accurately illustrated in its columns by a corps of artists of first-class talent, who will be detailed, as the occasion may demand, to sketch such events at the scene of their occurrence. Portraits, authentic only, of the principal actors in all such matters will also appear whenever the circumstances are of sufficient interest to the general reader to render their publication timely in a like, illustrated journal.

Full and accurate reports of court proceedings and criminal intelligence generally, written specially for the GAZETTE by its correspondents in every section of the Union, with a variety of other news and reading matter of a lively and entertaining character, will always be found in its columns.

In short, neither expense nor pains will be spared to render the GAZETTE (the oldest illustrated weekly in America) ahead of all competition in its new and improved form, in point of varied, artistic and literary attractions.

## A. APOLOGY.

We have to apologize this week to many correspondents in various sections for a neglect of interesting matter with which they have favored us, and to our readers in general for the omission or abbreviation of items worthy of note in the criminal records of the week, but the fact is that the saints have so largely occupied the columns of our current issue that we have been unable to give the sinners a fair show.

## A BIGGER MAN THAN BEECHER.

If prominence in crime is a title to distinction, then the revelations in the terrible Bishop McCoskey scandal, to which we have given up a large portion of our space this week, certainly entitle its chief actor to a prominence upon which he may boast, in a paraphrase of the memorable language of the immortal door-keeper of Congress that was.

The GAZETTE was put in possession some weeks ago of the full facts of this phenomenal scandal, but withheld them for some time pending an investigation of the true inwardness of the case, through a disinclination to hurl the nauseating revelations upon an already scandal-sated community, so long as there was any possibility that it might die and the festering carcass be hidden from public view. All such hopes proved vain, however, and finding that the unclean thing would not "down" at the bidding of decency but was destined to flaunt itself before the public gaze in spite of all well intended efforts, our duty as chronicler of current events compels us to lay the matter in its entirety before our readers, disgusting and disheartening as it is.

In doing so we have simply aimed to give the actual facts of the case and have no apology to make for its disagreeable features. They form, simply, a correct presentation of a picture which

has only been too often held up to the gaze of the world in this generation, the abject degradation of the highest office of humanity and the dragging through the mud and slime of sensuality of the robes of a calling which commands reverence only by a belief in its purity.

## THE SCANDAL DUET.

Never before has it fallen to the lot of a public journal to chronicle simultaneously two such enormous and astounding scandals, taken with all their attendant circumstances and peculiar bearings, as are presented fact to face in the columns of the present issue of the GAZETTE. To be sure the Beecher business has been already so thoroughly ventilated that little remains to be revealed concerning it, and little could be said that would revive the intense interest with which everything relating to it was once received by an astounded public. Opinion was pretty well made up all around long ago as to the merits of the case, and it is not likely that it could be changed materially by anything that could now be adduced. Even the "breaking down" of the leading figure of the drama which is confidently looked forward to by one division of believers as the grand denouement, would hardly make an impression on the cast-iron belief of the other. Those who could be satisfied of the innocence of the accused in the face of the evidence already elicited are locked up in an armor of confidence that may be safely deemed absolutely invulnerable to the further assaults of the enemy, while those who have been equally convinced in the opposite direction need nothing more to confirm them in that conviction.

It is a pity, therefore, that a community already sickened and fatigued of the whole affair could not have been spared this renewed and purposeless infliction, but the return of the spasms was an inevitable concomitant of the moral disease generated in the morbid atmosphere of the City of Churches and will have to be endured with whatever equanimity can be commanded, no matter of how little avail it may be deemed by a long suffering public.

The publicity obtained by the McCoskey scandal at the moment of the revival of the Beecher case is, however, a startling coincidence and one that cannot fail to produce a profound impression. That it will have its influence in both cases cannot be doubted, and that it weakens the position of the Beecher partisans must be acknowledged by every one not blindly bigoted on that side, the more especially since some ill-advised supporters of the Michigan Bishop are employing the same arguments and adopting the same line of defense in his behalf that were so thoroughly exhausted to save the Plymouth pastor, but in the face of evidence so much more overwhelming that while it presents but a feeble case for the former, it tends to throw into a still more ridiculous light the well-known pique and stereotyped phases by which it was sought to bolster the latter if not, indeed, to weaken the faith of all but the willfully blind of the defenders of his cause.

## Shockingly Case of Infanticide.

(Special Correspondence of Police Gazette.)

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., April 15.—A horrible case of infanticide has just come to light in this city. A few weeks since a very prepossessing young woman arrived here, registering her name as Martha Whitfield, from Georgia. Her manners were those of an educated lady, and she succeeded in making a most favorable impression upon all with whom she came in contact. It was noticed at the time of her arrival that she was *encinete*, a fact which became apparent afterwards, and which led to more gossip and scandal than has been known in this place for years. A short time after Miss Whitfield's arrival, a gentleman calling himself her step-father also arrived, and remained for several days. He did not stop at the same house the young lady did, but no one thought strange of that. Suspicion was aroused, however, when, after several inquiries, the name of the step-father could not be ascertained. The latter finally left, and the young lady began preparations to make her departure. Before she could complete her arrangements, however, she was confined and gave birth to a finely developed female infant. She charged that her step-father had seduced her and was the father of her child. On the second day after the birth of the child, it was found dead and the mother had escaped. She covered up her escape so effectually that no trace of her could be found. There is no doubt that she deliberately murdered her child, and hurried away to meet her so-called step-father. Detectives were dispatched in every direction for the purpose of intercepting the escaped murderer, but she has thus far eluded their vigilance and will probably never be seen again.

## City Life.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On another page of our current issue our artist has depicted a scene of fast metropolitan life as exhibited in the notorious "Argyle" at Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue. This place is a noted dance hall and resort for fast specimens of human of both sexes. Prostitutes, more or less pronounced, with their admirers and hangers-on, about town, young and old, of all grades of social standing, in search of excitement, strangers disposed of "taking in" the sights of the great city, with occasionally a sprinkling of both men and women of a class who would not wish to be found there, drawn thither by a curiously excited by a variety of impulses, these make up the throng who nightly fill the Argyle and put money in the pockets of its proprietor.

The GAZETTE some time since gave a graphic pen picture of this famous and infamous resort and proposes to follow it with a fuller description and an additional illustration of its character in a succeeding issue, in the course of the pictures of the lights and shadows of metropolitain existence.

The illustration in question is drawn from the life, and is characteristic in every respect as a glimpse of scenes behind the scenes in New York in the "wee sma' hours."

## Beaten to Death.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 19.—An inquest was held yesterday on the body of George Wright, a trapper, residing near Cairo, which was found on President's Island, with a boy eleven years old beside it. The boy, who is a son of Wright's, stated that his father had been severely beaten, his arm broken and skull crushed by a fisherman named "Bill" Boregard, who lives four miles above this city, on the Arkansas side, and that they had taken a skiff and floated down to the island, where his father had died of his wounds.

## The Bishop's Denial.

The following was sent to the Associated Press in New York on Sunday evening:

I give my unqualified denial to the articles which have appeared in the different papers against me.

SAMUEL A. MCCOSSKEY,

Bishop of Michigan.

New York, April 20, 1878.

## BRUTAL BUTCHERY.

A Negro's God Blooded and Unprovoked Murder of a Companion and His Fiendish Exultation Over the Dead.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FAYETTEVILLE, Ga., April 14.—On Monday morning last, the dead body of a negro named Darby Ellington, was found lying in a hollow, on the high road, about five miles north-west of this place, and about one hundred yards distant from the dwelling house of Mrs. M. L. Shabropine. The left temple had been pierced with a pistol bullet which had passed through the brain and lodged near the back of the head; the throat had been stabbed in three places with a two-edged weapon, leaving as many ghastly wounds; there were also two large contusions on one side of the head, which had evidently been caused by a heavy bludgeon. The body presented a sickening aspect as it lay upon its back, in a large pool of clotted blood, with its dead, glassy eyes staring up at the sky with a horrible fixed glare. As soon as the murder became known, the greatest excitement prevailed among all classes of citizens, and especially among the negroes, who came from far and near to see the body. A coroner's jury was hastily summoned and an inquest was held over the remains, but the evidence adduced was very meager. However, a negro woman, living a few hundred yards from the place where the body was found, testified to having heard the report of a pistol on the night previous, about nine o'clock. Suspicion at length fell on Jim Davis, a negro, who had lived with the deceased prior to his death, and who had been heard to say a few days before the murder, that he intended to kill a "nigger" soon. Search was made in the house which he occupied, and the handle of a bludgeon, covered with blood, was found on the hearth; the remainder of the weapon having been burned. Jim Davis was arrested and confined in jail. On the following morning he confessed that he was present when the crime was committed, but declared that the actual killing was done by Manson Graves, a mulatto, in consequence of some tales the deceased had falsely accused him of telling about Jim. As the story seemed plausible, Graves was arrested, and immediately demanded a judicial inquiry; his counsel, Messrs. Blalock and Howard, were ready with a number of witnesses, to prove a complete alibi, but, upon the assembling of the court Jim Davis retracted his accusation and the accused was released. He then stated on oath, that he committed the deed himself, with a two-edged knife that had been made for that purpose, by Simon Jennings, a colored blacksmith, who, being jealous of the deceased, on account of the intimacy between him and a negro girl named Lucy, instigated him (Jim Davis) to kill the deceased. As it was reported that Lucy was the mother of five children, of whom Simon Jennings was the reputed father, and as he had been suspected of the killing at the inquest, he was arrested and charged as accessory before the facts, and made so many confused statements that a general belief in his guilt gained ground rapidly. On the 11th instant, Jennings was brought before J. H. Murphy, Esq., Justice of the Peace, and Jim Davis was again sworn. He then made

over the head with the iron ball attached to the chain which he carried, while in the chain gang. He says he escaped hanging for this offense, on account of the prison surgeon diagnosing the case as one of meningitis. This tale is a little improbable, but there can be no doubt that he is a desperate villain, such as is seldom seen. He says he came from Hamburg, S. C., and, it is probable, was concerned in the "unpleasantness" that occurred there in 1875. *"Unpleasantness" does not mean that he was.*

After his arrest he accompanied the sheriff and his aids to the place where the knife and pistol were buried, who disinterred and took charge of them. There was blood on the blade of the former, which the prisoner had attempted to remove, but the "damned spurs" would not be effaced. It would be difficult to find a more depraved wretch than Jim Davis, and his looks do not belie his character; he is a little negro, well proportioned, with perhaps slightly rounded shoulders, of medium height, narrow face, a very large nose of nondescript shape, under lip of disproportionate length, receding forehead and diminutive crest, and large, sleepy, but mischievous looking eyes, that seldom look up, or straight ahead, but roll uncertainly beneath the dark eyelid shadow of large, heavy eyelids that seem to have been expressly made to hide their cruel, treacherous glitter. He says that the deceased and himself were on the best of terms. They were fast friends and mutual confidants; they lived, ate and slept together, and when he killed him he didn't chide a single hard feeling against him, but took his life in cold blood, and now alludes to the horrible deed with pleasure, and relates its details with demoniac relish. The jail in this county being considered too unsafe to hold so desperate a criminal, he was conveyed to Atlanta jail for safe keeping, on the 12th instant, and, after his arrival there, sent for a number of other negroes to come and see him. He is said to be well known among the colored thieves and desperadoes about Atlanta, and evidently desires to go down to his infamous grave with something like *eschat*. He will probably be tried at the May term of the Superior Court for this county.

## The "Crooked" Governor.

(With Portrait.)

About eight o'clock on Sunday night, 7th inst., Sheriff John S. Connor, of Charleston county, S. C., entered the Inspector's office, at police headquarters in this city, accompanied by three men, one of whom was the ex-Governor of South Carolina, Franklin J. Moses. Sheriff Connor satisfied Inspector Thorne that he would be justified in detaining Moses on a charge of forgery, and he was locked up and to be taken to court next day. The offense with which Moses was charged was not a ruse to get him to South Carolina, nor connected with the operations in the defunct newspaper to the following note:

\$316. CHARLESTON, S. C., January 12, 1877. Ninety days after date I promise to pay to the order of J. Woodruff, without offset, negotiable and payable at the time and place above mentioned, ten thousand dollars, or the equivalent. Discount and interest after maturity at the rate of 1½ per cent. per month. Due—

To this note was added the endorsement of J. Woodruff, Moses' ally, and James Allan was the loser by the crime. An indictment against Moses for forgery was found on the 4th of February last by the Court of General Sessions of Charleston county, G. Voigt being foreman of the grand jury, and a warrant signed by John Ostendorf, clerk of the court, and W. B. Julian, J. J. Dowdy, solicitor, was issued, on which, on the 13th and 14th of February, Governor Wade Hampton issued regulations on the Governor of this state.

Franklin J. Moses is thirty-seven years old. He was the son of Chief Justice Moses of the state of South Carolina, an eminent man of good family, who died recently. Franklin was brilliant but weak young man. He entered public life with every chance of success, not the least important of his advantages being his marriage with a respectable and attractive young girl, who was devotedly attached to him. His attainments attracted the attention of the Scott ring, and he was easily induced to cast his lot with them, and as Speaker of the House of Representatives to share with them and the Chamberlain faction the profit and infamy of plundering the state of some \$30,000,000. His participation in those frauds and robberies was established by his own confessions before the joint investigating committee last fall. During all this time Franklin's wife clung to him, and her devotion to him was so ardent, rewarded by gross infidelity with a notorious woman in Charleston, on whom he squandered the remnants of the money fished from the state treasury. His wife's friends made her acquainted with his infidelity, and she reluctantly abandoned him. Last February, a short time after his father's death, he visited her at her mother's, professed contrition, promised to give up his evil ways, and his wife, blindly affectionate, condoned his infidelity. Hardly a week after, with the connivance of a negro servant, he packed up his wife's jewelry and wardrobe, secured a sum of money and left for New York. Here he has associated with disreputable persons and many stories are told of his mode of life. He soon squandered the money he obtained by selling his wife's property, and has eked out a miserable existence by sponging on former acquaintances identified with the Scott and Chamberlain rings.

It appears certain that the requisition for Moses' arrest was signed by Governor Wade Hampton without reference to the defendant's political acts or to the frauds committed on the state. The Legislature of South Carolina, before its recent adjournment, passed almost unanimously a resolution giving Governor Hampton full discretion in the matter of the frauds committed by the Scott and Chamberlain rings, as revealed by disclosures before the investigating committee, and it is certain that Moses' arrest had nothing to do with any part he took in plundering the state. The requisition was simply a magisterial act, and it is not probable that he will be prosecuted in South Carolina for his share in the operations of the rings mentioned. He is charged with forging the name of the notorious J. Woodruff, the Clerk of the Senate, his former ally. On Wednesday, 17th inst., a Central Office detective took Moses to the Tomba, requesting the judge to remand him for another day, as preparations for his departure to South Carolina was not completed. Judge Bixby said that this was beyond his power, as the ex-Governor had already been taken from his jurisdiction by the requisition from South Carolina. After much deliberation it was decided to take the prisoner back to Columbia that afternoon and the "crooked" ex-Governor was accordingly forwarded to the



**BADGERED BEECHER.**

Plymouth Church Experiences Another Three of the Great Moral Earthquake.

**MRS. TILTON TELLS AGAIN.**

This Time she Swears it is so, for she Cannot Tell a Lie, and she did it— with her Little Hatch-it.

**THE BIGGEST CACKLE ON RECORD.**

(With Illustration and Portraits.)

A quiet man of thirty-five, walked into the newspaper offices of this city, on Monday afternoon, 15th inst., with a slip of paper in his hand, on which was printed the following:

"Mr. Ira B. Wheeler."

"My Dear Sir: A few weeks since, after long months of mental anguish, I told, as you know, a few friends, whom I had bitterly deceived, that the charge brought by my husband of adultery between myself and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was true, and that the lie I had lived so well the last four years had become intolerable to me. That statement I now solemnly reaffirm, and leave the truth with God, to whom also I commit myself, my children and all who must suffer. I know full well the explanations that will be sought by many for this acknowledgment—a desire to return to my husband, insanity, malice, everything save the true and only one; my quickened conscience and the sense of what is due to the cause of truth and justice. During all the complications of these years you have been my confidential friend, and, therefore, I address this letter to you, authorizing and requesting you to secure its publication.

"Elizabeth R. Tilton.

"BROOKLYN, April 13, 1878." The bearer was Mr. Wheeler himself, and he modestly said that he had been asked by Mrs. Tilton to give it to the newspapers. He was closely quizzed and he said that he had been a friend and adviser of Mrs. Tilton, having known her from childhood. He is a New York lawyer, and a resident of Elizabeth, N. J. Since her separation from Theodore he has acted professionally as her counsel. Being asked about the confession, he said that she freely made it, unbeknown either to her husband or to Mr. Beecher. He believed it was a sincere one, and that it was made from no other motive than the one given therein. Her conscience was troubling her, and it was a matter between her and her God to confess her sin as publicly.

AS SHE HAD DENIED IT.

Being asked whether she had made the same confession to him, Mr. Wheeler answered that she had and to other persons also. Mr. Wheeler was manifestly sincere in what he said, and he convinced all with whom he spoke that the confession was genuine. The news fell like a thunderbolt to the Beecher party, although they one and all said they had been expecting it. Mr. S. V. White, treasurer of Plymouth Church, said that he did not doubt Mrs. Tilton had written it. The air had been full of it of late, and after it had become certain that Tilton and wife were prepared for anything. The confession was doubtless the price of reconciliation. He did not know who L. B. Wheeler was, but he did know that of late threats to blackmail Mr. Beecher had been made. If money was not given the persons said there would be further scandal developments. Much of the newspaper talk on the subject of the reunion of the Tilions was preparatory to the confession. Thomas G. Shearman said that he knew of the confession coming, and he believed it was genuine, but it was part and parcel of the bargain by which Tilton and wife are to live together again. He referred to the affidavit made by Mrs. Tilton, in which she explicitly denied her guilt, and said that her latest confession was inconsistent with them. Others of the Beecher flock went furthest. They said that the woman is insane; that she is a liar and not to be believed. They reiterated that it is a blackmailing operation, and said that no attention would be paid to it. Reminded that Mrs. Tilton is yet a member of Plymouth Church in good and regular standing, they said that she would have to be expelled for lying.

As the evening progressed the excitement grew very great on Brooklyn Heights. Troops of reporters

HURRIED TO BEECHER'S HOUSE.

They were politely received. Mr. Beecher was not at home. They were told he was off lecturing, but his family could not tell where, other than it was somewhere up the line of the Erie railroad. Every member of the family asked said that they did not know where he was. When asked whether it was a practice for him to go off without saying where he was going, they answered that it was not. This was the first time he had done such a thing. Judge McCue, one the justices of the New York city court, said: "Mrs. Tilton made an affidavit before me in my private office, in which she called Almighty God to witness her innocence, and then she assured me privately that the charges against her were the result of one of the basest and most malicious conspiracies ever known. She was emphatic in every denial. Well, those who believe in Mr. Beecher's guilt will be more than ever convinced, and those who believe in his innocence will adhere to their belief more zealously, and the whole unsavory scandal will be poured out upon the community again."

Mr. Augustus Storrs, one of the investigating committee, said that he had not heard of a confession, although he had been told that there might be one. "Mrs. Morse," he said, "is a familiar person to the public. Her actions in that period when she went hither and thither denouncing Mr. Beecher and telling of her daughter's sin proved to her friends that she was out of her mind. Ex-Judge Nathan B. Morse, her husband, told me that she was not only unpleasant to be with, but unsafe. Now it would be very strange if Elizabeth Tilton hadn't something of her mother in her. I must say that from all I have heard I think that Mrs. Tilton is crazy. Certainly the spells which we have seen her in go to prove it. The confession may be authentic, but

WHO WILL RELIEVE IT?

A lie thrice told will have no effect." The news spread with wonderful speed, and it seemed to plunge the stately Columbia Heights into the same fever which raged so long in the summer of 1874, when every day brought a new surprise. Those who moved in the inner circle of Plymouth Church were prepared for the shock. The indications of the coming storm had appeared in many places, and faint intimations, albeit that they were speedily repressed, cropped out in the newspaper columns. Every time the story was told that all the plans for putting the scandal to sleep were to be upset by Mrs. Tilton, an adroit answer was ready to de-

stroy its strength. The wily Mr. Shearman had the fact that Mrs. Tilton was to turn on Mr. Beecher long before any one else, and he caused the rumors of a confession to be printed and then denied them so as to lull suspicions. All that could be done was done to avert the disaster of a confession. The threat of war seems first to have come from Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Tilton's mother. A gentleman possessed of all the facts said that early in the winter Mrs. Morse had visited Mr. Beecher and told him that Elizabeth had to be taken care of, and that if she was not liberally supported there would be trouble. Mr. Beecher consulted with some of his friends, and they agreed that it would not do for him to be known as the supporter of Mrs. Tilton after all the scandal, and they advised him not to pay her any money. Mrs. Morse renewed her demand, and, it is said, accompanied it with strong and abusive language, and wrote several pointed notes to Mr. Beecher, but without any effect. Mrs. Tilton was induced to start a school in Henry street under the promise of a liberal support from

THE FAMILIES OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH. She found, however, that she was not only not to be liberally supported, but that persons from whom she expected favor expressed the opinion that after her course she was not a fit person to instruct children. This stung her to desperation, and she shrewdly threw her school. She complained of her harsh treatment by Mr. Beecher and his friends, after, as she said, they had used her for all their purposes, and she blamed herself for deserting her husband, who had been magnanimous to forgive her sin and to promise her protection. She wrote a letter to Mrs. Raymond, the wife of Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, which the reporter's informant said had been read and by several persons in Plymouth Church. He understood that she had

and eminent gentlemen, both of the clergy and of the law. In every case she satisfied them of her absolute INNOCENCE.

Subsequently to that, at an interview arranged for the purpose of giving prominence to her declarations and form to her testimony, which was taken down by a shorthand writer, and which I believe to be still in existence although I have never seen it, she elaborately and in detail

reaffirmed her innocence and mine. These are the most prominent instances of her uniform testimony. It should be borne in mind that she first charged me with this offence to her husband. Upon my visiting her she withdrew it in writing. She subsequently renewed the charge. She then again and indignantly denied it, and left her husband's house, and for four years has continued, in every conceivable form and under the most solemn circumstances, to deny it, until now, when once again, for the third time, she re-

diced?" and I answered him that she surely would. I think that Mr. Tilton came to expect that it would occur some day. He always believed in her abiding sense of truth and right. You may look through the record of the trial and you will not find an instance of his speaking of her harshly or even unkindly. He spoke of her as a white-souled woman. He always conuded that she was dominated and overcome by

Mr. Beecher's influence in the guise of religion.

At the residence of Mrs. Morse, the mother of Mrs. Tilton, where the latter is living, no information could be obtained. The door was soon opened a few inches, as far as a chain and bolt would permit. One of Theodore Tilton's sons then asked the visitor's errand. Upon being informed that he desired to see Mrs. Morse he demanded the inquirer's business. When told that it was a reporter who desired to see her concerning Mrs. Tilton's letter he lad promptly

DISPOSED OF IT AS HE MADE SAID.

BRUSSELS, March 20.—The Court of Anvers has during the past week been occupied with a remarkable murder trial, that of Mestag, which has developed a story of horror almost unparalleled in criminal annals.

Gustave Mestag was a stone-cutter of Anvers, thirty-three years of age, of more than ordinary intelligence, a disciple of the International and somewhat given to drink, when in 1875 he fell in with Jeanne Vingeroot, the widow of one Asselberg, a woman of fifty-eight, and mother of several children, all of age, and some of them older than Mestag. She had a paying business and some 20,000 francs in cash. Whether it was simply to obtain from the former a living without hard labor or to secure the latter by fraud or force cannot be said, but only this: Mestag married her (June 17, 1875) old and ugly as she was, and at first the life of the ill-assorted couple was not openly unhappy, even though she as well as he was of intemperate habits. A year afterwards, however, they lived in open war; he beat her habitually and most cruelly, and she by her acrid speech and by refusing him money so retorted upon him that in August, 1877, he said to his stepson, "Nothing that I can do seems to please your mother; I mean to leave her; I really don't know what else to do."

"Mestag, be quiet," cried the Judge. "He is trying to make me out a murderer," shouted Mestag.

"Silence, or I will have you removed," continued the Court.

"I am no murderer! I am no murderer!" yelled Mestag, pounding with his clenched fists on the dock.

The prosecutor closed his speech as follows: "Recall the day when you said, 'There is no God! I blasphemous him daily!' If he existed he would punish me!" God was in no hurry, divine justice could wait, but to-day its hour has come."

"He speaks well," said Mestag to his counsel: "I never heard a more eloquent speech." A three days' trial ended Mestag's conviction and formal sentence to death.

**TERRIBLE SHOOTING AFFRAY.**

**A Father Murdered by the Rejected Suitor of his Daughter.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

BOSTON, Mass., April 18.—Social circles in this city are agitated to-day by the shooting last night of a prominent Irish citizen by the lover of his daughter. Mr. John Lyons, the victim of the murderous assault, is a gentleman of means and a man of standing in the community. He has for a number of years carried on the business of a wholesale grocer and liquor dealer at the corner of Beach and South streets, and his name has been associated with every public movement for the benefit of the city or its residents. He has been Commander of the Knights of St. Patrick for over three years besides holding a staff appointment in the Ninth battalion of the state militia. H. Lanman, a young man who resided with his mother in Worcester street, has been for some time paying attentions to Annie, the youngest daughter of Mr. Lyons, but his suit has not been favored by the young lady's parents, and they have repeatedly forbidden her to have anything to do with him. This prohibition she disregarded, and on various occasions she has met him clandestinely, and has corresponded with him.

Last night she went out about seven o'clock and, as it subsequently transpired, met her lover, and had a moonlight walk with him. The pair reached Mr. Lyons' house about 10 o'clock and stood a few moments on the steps chatting. While thus engaged the young lady's father reached home and found his daughter in the act of disobeying his commands. He upbraided her for her conduct and she fled into the house, leaving her father and lover alone. What passed between them is not known, but soon the report of a pistol was heard to disturb the quiet of the street, and Mr. Lyons was seen to fall heavily to the ground, as was thought, mortally wounded. Two special officers happened to be passing on the other side of the street at the time, and they at once rushed to the scene of the quarrel. Mr. Lyons had succeeded in getting on his feet, and the enraged lover was arrested in the act of firing a second shot. One of the officers seized his pistol arm and prevented the discharge of the weapon. The wounded man was taken into his residence, when it was found that the ball had entered his stomach, about two inches above the navel. The surgeons probed the wound, but could not find the ball.

Young Lanman was promptly arrested and taken to the station house. He was subsequently confronted with the dying man and fully identified.

The frantic girl, distracted between filial love and the affection she bore for her betrothed flushed from the house and sought the cell where he was confined. She tore her hair and moaned the fate of young Lanman, but was refused access to his presence.

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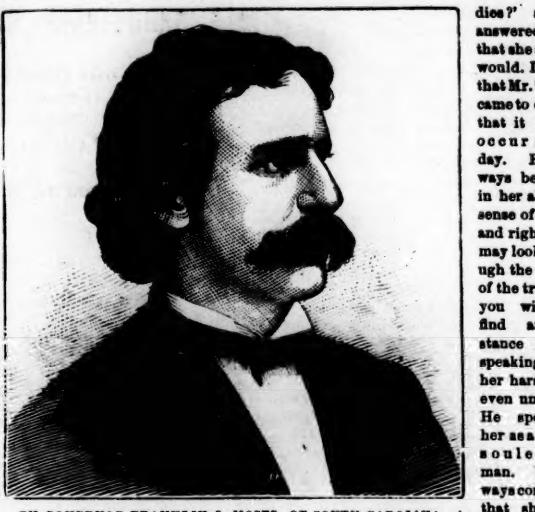
The cause of Mr. Lyons' opposition to Lanman was not his religious belief, as has been alleged; but the fact that he has no visible means of support, he living with his mother and not being employed in any business. Mr. Lyons would not have objected to him, no matter what his religion might have been, provided he was a fit companion for his daughter and prepared to maintain her in a proper manner. The shooting affair has created a painful sensation throughout the city.

**A Foul Crime Suspected.**

SACRAGAN, N. Y., April 10.—The body of a woman who had lately gone by the name of Mrs. George Rood, was exhumed in this city to-day on account of suspicions of foul play. The body was brought here from Auburn four weeks ago for interment. This woman had an eventful history. She was one of the most noted courtesans of Saratoga, where she lived for some thirteen years. Her dwelling there was the rendezvous of men of money and influence, and she amassed a large fortune. Respectable relatives of the woman residing in this city find two wills in existence, the first giving her Saratoga real estate and three large bank accounts and diamonds and jewels to a gambler named James Ormby of this city. The second and later gives the same property to a gambler of Auburn named Rood, and who claims the woman as his wife. It is supposed the deceased was poisoned at Auburn. The stomach was taken out to-day and is now in the hands of chemists. The body has been reinterred.

**Respite from Death.**

GALVESTON, Texas, April 19.—The Governor has respite Asanilin, who was to have been hanged at Columbus to-morrow for the murder of Malch, until May 24.



EX-GOVERNOR FRANKLIN J. MOSES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.—1—MRS. ELIZABETH TILTON. 2—HENRY WARD BEECHER. 3—THEODORE TILTON. 4—BESSIE TURNER. 5—FRANK MOULTON.

I saw it. Against this long and tortuous career, I oppose my uniform and unimpeachable truthfulness."

A reporter, for the purpose of verifying the confession, called at the house of Mrs. Tilton, in Brooklyn. Mrs. Tilton herself answered the bell. She looked far better than in the past. There seemed, however, to be a much greater proportion of gray in her naturally black hair than there was two years ago. The reporter saw only a vague resemblance of her old self as she looked early in the trial, but a closer likeness to her as she appeared when, one morning toward the close of the suit, she arose and waited the reply of the judge to her written appeal for permission to testify.

It was, however, Mrs. Tilton, beyond question, and she responded pleasantly when so addressed. The reporter had with him a copy of the card furnished by Mr. Wheeler. Showing it to her and asking whether she had indeed written it and was desirous that it should be published, Mrs. Tilton flushed violently and cast down her eyes. Then, after a moment, she said, "The card was written by me."

"And you authorized Mr. Wheeler to make it public?"

"Yes, sir," she said, and still with downcast eyes; "did he leave it with you? It's all right, sir."

Mr. Moulton was interviewed in Albany. He spoke substantially as follows: "I was convinced the admission would be made, but I was hardly prepared to expect it at this time. I knew it from

MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE WOMAN.

Elizabeth Tilton was so upright, so sincere minded that it was only a question of time when she should tell the truth. I remember that Theodore Tilton once asked me, 'Frank, do you believe Elizabeth will ever tell me before she

said, "Mrs. Morse has no information to impart to the press." A sharp voice from the top of the stairs then called out, "Close the door," and the command was obeyed.

"I don't know," said Colonel Beecher, "whether my father expected anything of this sort or not. We never talked to him about it, but I will say for my part that I am not surprised. I have known for the last six weeks that Mr. Tilton has been visiting his wife, and I was prepared for something of this sort. An hour since I was for the first time told of it by a friend." He declined, however, to give the name of his informant, and said most concientiously,

"You can well understand that as Mr. Beecher's son I do not care to discuss the matter at all. I cannot say what the result will be or what my father will do. He has born calamity for years. I am quite sure he can stand this, but it is cruel, sir,"

"WICKEDLY CRUEL."

Mr. Ira B. Wheeler, to whom Mrs. Tilton's confession was addressed, stated that the latter was handed to him in New York by Mrs. Tilton herself. It was her own voluntary act, and was written from no one's dictation. It was entirely written by her and without suggestions from any one. She told Mr. Wheeler a few weeks ago that she had made a confession to a few friends. In conclusion he said: "I believe her to be actuated only by a desire to free her conscience from the load upon it. She wished to make the truth known in the matter. You may assert positively that Mr. Tilton knows nothing of the matter."

Mr. Thos. G. Shearman stated that he did not

think the effect of the confession would amount to anything. It had been well-known for months that Mr. and Mrs. Tilton had been in communication with each other, all denials to the contrary

(Continued on the 7th page.)

**BRUTAL BUTCHERY.**

The Horrible Crime of a Belgian Murderer Who Hacks His Wife to Pieces.

**A TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES.**

The Culprit Closely Cuts His Victim Into One Hundred and Fifty Three Ghastly Fragments.

**THE GUILLOTINE GAPES FOR HIM.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

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# NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

5

## A NEW NIAGARA.

The Frightful Scandal of which Detroit has the Honor of Being the Place of Incubation.

## BIGGER THAN BEECHER.

An Old and Reverend Episcopal Bishop Charged with Seduction, Lascivious and Debanchery.

## HE STEPS DOWN AND OUT.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Some weeks since the Gazette received from a correspondent in Detroit the details of a terrible scandal involving a high church dignitary and a young married lady of first-class social standing in that city. The names of the parties and full details were given, but the accusations were so startling and the scandal the revelations were certain to create, if given publicity, of so overwhelming a character that we deemed it unadvisable to publish the matter without a thorough investigation of it. This revealed the fact that desperate attempts were being made to keep it out of the newspapers, but that it was, nevertheless, gradually finding its way to the light of day and that there was, moreover, a well-grounded belief in the truth of the charge.

Meanwhile the following outlines of the scandal appeared in the *Graphic*, in which, however, all names were omitted.

Detroit, April 12.—There is the very scandal of all scandals afoot here, and one which, while it is in the mouth of a hundred people, has been, from a number of reasons, kept out of public print. It may, however, become public any morning, and when it does the Beecher scandal will not hold a candle to it, or, as I heard a gentleman remark yesterday, "It will knock the Beecher scandal higher than a kite." For several days a newspaper, in one respect, at least, well known, has had over three columns of matter in type, which its editor has been induced, temporarily, not to publish, but which, from my own knowledge, contains matter of a much more startling character than has ever been connected with any scandal which has become a matter of litigation in this country. The party to it occupies

### SOMEWHAT ANOMALOUS POSITIONS.

One is a divine, than whom none occupies a higher position in his own church, or, for that matter, in any church in the West.

The facts which I give to the *Graphic* alone are within my own personal knowledge, and the proofs are in such safe keeping that they will never come to light except in connection with some legal agent. At the same time these proofs have been seen by a dozen or more persons, and their entire accuracy has been acknowledged by both the parties implicated. The other party is a young lady of heretofore irreproachable character and now married to a young gentleman actively engaged in business, and who knows nothing whatever of the previous connection of his now wife with the disgraceful life which cannot escape exposure after what is at present known here and in Chicago. The relations between the young lady and the clergyman alluded to extended over the entire years of 1874-75, and are fully shown by his own letters. Most of these are of such a character as to render them utterly unfit for publication, not only in any respectable paper, but in any paper whatever. Published they would scarcely be believed. But they have been seen by a number of persons, one or two of whom own papers and might have published them had they not refused on the ground of public morals and public decency. The case could scarcely be worse than it is. This dignitary of the church not only did all and more than all that is charged against him, but went to the extreme of arranging himself the

SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE OF THE WOMAN.

One half of the correspondence, that of the clergyman alluded to, however, fell into the hands of a gentleman who had once been her lover, and who, as much on her account as any other, with the added impetus of fear for his own self-preservation, made its contents known to a number of friends and then placed the papers in the vault of a bank in this city, whence they will not be taken except upon a legal process. It is doubtful if they now ever see the light, except through those to whom this old lover has shown them, since the master has been brought directly to the doors of the church of which this clergyman is a member. A committee of three of its members traveled several hundred miles to determine officially whether the charges based upon the letters were true or not. They saw the letters and were convinced of the clergyman's guilt. They returned and confronted him with the evidences. The woman, who, throughout, had been with him *particeps criminis*, had, however, informed him that his letters, which had been sent to her from New York and many other places to which ecclesiastical business had taken him from time to time, had been destroyed. When he saw the proofs of his own guilt, presented to him by members of his own church, and found that he had been deceived by her, he begged for mercy and acknowledged the whole truth. An agreement was entered into, out of mercy to him and her, and the friends of both, that he should resign his office and proceed to Europe. On condition, alone, that he should remain abroad was

### THEIR MUTUAL SECRET TO BE KEPT.

To this he agreed.

In the meantime all the facts, with most of the proofs, has become known to the newspaper men here, and it had become, apparently, impossible to keep the matter from the public. The gentlemen who had forced an acknowledgment from him were influential enough to secure a promise from the two or three persons to which all the details were known that no publication of it should be made until he should have had sufficient time to sail for Europe. The time granted to him for this purpose will have expired in less than two weeks, and then the matter, which I have already stated was in type, will appear with delay. The editor of the paper to which I alluded in the first place, said, editorially, almost a week ago that satisfactory reasons had been given it for temporarily withholding facts which it had, with proofs, in its possession, and which, when published, would make almost the world tremble. It had no desire "to blast the life of a young family and hasten to the grave that portion of it which has passed its prime," which, in fact, now stands tottering with one foot in the grave. We have not the heart, though we first thought we had, to bring to light a scandal which carries with it so deep and grave a meaning. Our only reasons for not publishing the scandal are those of humanity. We hold the destiny of thousands of people in our power and will not use it."

The matter has, however, gone too far to be much longer kept out of sight, and when you

know who the implicated parties are you will not wonder at my statement that it is a scandal, the worst and the most to be regretted that has occurred in

### OUR SCANDAL-LADEN COUNTRY.

At last, however, the long threatening cloud has burst and the result is another moral Niagara, which promises to rival in its proportions the memorable one that flooded the country such a short time since. In its issue of the 17th the Chicago *Graphic* publishes the following:

Dr. April 16.—Detroit has a sensational Beecher-Tilton affair in that the former is equally as prominent in the court as in the overwhelming evidence, notwithstanding the last confession of Mrs. Tilton. The hero is none other than Samuel Allan McCoskey, for more than forty years bishop of the diocese of Michigan, but who has recently resigned in consequence of the publicity of the facts about to be narrated, and will shortly sail for Europe where he hopes to escape the avenging nemesis of public opinion. The plain facts are apparently that the Bishop has been for many years "Faith wi' fleshly lust," and has been decidedly promiscuous in giving vent to his inclinations. During all these years stories have now and then been whispered abroad, but have been suppressed by the good brethren of the Episcopal faith here, who have had to take a supervisory interest in his affairs in more ways than one. Recently, however, one came to their knowledge in so startling a form that it was

### IMPOSSIBLE TO SUPPRESS IT.

The result is a vacant bishopric, a wandering ex-bishop, a terrified family, an Episcopal community trembling lest the cloud should burst, and a worldly crowd praying in a sinful way that the crisis may be precipitated. A few months ago a prominent vestryman overheard two men talking in an adjoining room about Bishop McCoskey and heard enough to satisfy him that something was wrong.

He entered the room and after some little parley was taken into their confidence. They showed him a number of letters evidently written by the Bishop to a Miss Fannie Richards, a young girl of this city, wherein were expressions that rendered it obvious that he had been and was on

Being in the melting mood he sword by his mire that he had never laid hands on a woman except in kindness, but in the very profusion of his profession of innocence he frequently gave himself away to the determined men who had a mind to understand

### THIS TRYING ORDEAL.

While he did not admit that he was the author of these anonymous letters, he said he had

no recollection of having written them; that he certainly should remember them if he had written them, and all that sort of talk.

Two or three interviews transpired between these gentlemen and the Bishop before they finally determined upon their course. Being thoroughly convinced of the Bishop's guilt they at length placed the letters in the hands of the standing committee of the diocese, composed of Governor Henry P. Baldwin, Hon. Charles P. Trowbridge, and Judge James V. Campbell, lately; and Rev. John A. Wilson, of St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti; Rev. Dr. George Worthington, of St. John's Church, Detroit; Rev. Dr. Edward Harris, of Christ Church, Detroit, and Rev. Willis Hall, of St. Ann's Church, Ann Arbor.

These gentlemen were dumbfounded at first,

and refused to believe the evidence of their senses. It must be some horrible nightmare.

McCoskey's career in this country unless perchance he should, after finding himself fully exposed, with that bulldog pertinacity for which he is noted, determine to stay and stand trial.

"In that event," said a gentleman intimately acquainted with him, "his personal presence is commanding that he would be likely to overpower any ordinary jury, and by main strength and awkwardness, secure a verdict of acquittal."

Another chapter in this singular drama is that which records the career of the girl Fannie Richards.

She is a petite blonde, now scarcely

more than twenty years of age, and is something of a rattlehead, although with a decided pre-

disposition to beauty. At the time that this story opens, less than four years ago, she was a school-girl, living with her mother. The Bishop, as it is said, was attracted by her sprightly ways and employed her to act as his amanuensis. It

was while acting in this capacity, as report has

it, that the Bishop had induced her to yield to his wishes, although it would appear that she has confided her innermost feelings of mind and body.

She must have no fears for the future, as he will take care of her.

He is pleased to learn

that her health continues good, and that his

cure is permanent.

He will take care of her so

long as he lives.

She has created and excited in

him desires which he never before felt for any other person.

Their union is forever and is

sancitified by the highest solemnities.

He then adds: "Oh, how I would like to see you and see you all in your loveliness!!!

Be cautious,

and remember that secrecy alone

protects me,

each other that it consumes the whole person.

From New York, October 18, he writes again,

acknowledging receipt of her letter in which she

has confided her innermost feelings of mind and

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Be cautious,

vestrymen and officers of the Episcopal Church of this city, who were notified, that unless the aid desired in this instance was extended, the letters would be published, and the church blown to atoms by this amorous dynamite. It was extended and the husband went on his way, free and rejoicing. The consequence was that the Bishop was confronted with his love letters and was called upon to resign his Bishopric instantly and to leave Michigan, which he has done being now in Buffalo, the guest of Mr. Nelson, one of the oldest and purest ministers of the church in the United States. From Buffalo, the Bishop will go to Europe, leaving his diocese to lament his frailties.

Years ago he went to Europe; visited the Lord Bishops of London, Oxford and Cambridge and came home a high churchman, a wine bibber and a debauchee. Some years ago he made a present of a piano to a young "pet" of his, purchased from Mr. Crouse, which the church had to pay for, after they had husked up his *lesson*. One of his love letters to his young amanuensis, which has been seen and read all over Detroit, was written at the last Episcopal convention in Boston, where he was manifestly

**UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF BACCHUS**  
and not of the Holy Spirit; the *billet doux* in question referred to a donation by him of an article of bed room furniture scarcely to be mentioned in polite society—terms which only a drunken man could have used. That this Bishop should have fallen is not, however, an isolated case. One will remember who was deposed a few years ago for the laying on of hands improperly upon his lady communicants, and so is known in church history as the great "Paw-Knee" of Episcopacy; and it has long been notorious through Michigan that Bishop McCoskey was a wine bibber and a debauchee.

But the moral of his downfall and its detectable features are these—that the entire press of this city had full knowledge of all these transactions for the last month,—that the local editors have many of them seen and read those letters, and yet, under the influence of money or favor and hypocrisy they have endeavored to suppress and conceal them. Had the young amanuensis been caught in adulterous intercourse with any of our young men, they would have been arrested, exposed, published, and very likely imprisoned. But because this man wore lawn sleeves, was second on the muster roll of the church, our priests, deacons, wardens and vestrymen conspire and collude to protect him from the infamy which he has earned; and employed an eminent lawyer to go to Chicago to suppress and prevent the world from knowing how easy it is "to steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Yesterday a young fellow from bad habits, fled to Canada, and the entire press of Detroit spread far and wide the news of his downfall and crime. It remains to see if your independent paper has pluck and honesty enough to let the world know the real truth as to the resignation of the late Bishop of this diocese.

#### DETROIT "ALL TOOK UP."

Detroit, Mich., April 17.—The city is agitated from center to circumference this evening by the scandal concerning Bishop A. McCoskey. The facts in the case are by no means new to the majority of our citizens, especially the men around town and those who love to roll a sweet morsel of this description beneath their tongues.

A number of prominent Detroit Episcopalians have been interviewed with a view to ascertaining what would be the probable effect of the notoriety which the case has now gained. With very few exceptions, a general feeling of relief was expressed by those more familiar with the facts, and who know of the endowments which had been made to keep them secret.

Mr. Wm. J. Waterman, a prominent member of Grace Church, said he was glad that the veil had been lifted from this shocking picture of human depravity and ecclesiastical abasement. He had felt all along that it ought not to be covered up in order that the criminal might escape the exposure and disgrace which his dexterously committed. If Bishop McCoskey was guilty of the crimes alleged his resignation should not be accepted by the house of bishops. The scandal to the church could not but be heightened by anything which looked like compounding of the Bishop's crime, promising him secrecy on condition of his withdrawal from the fold.

Mr. C. D. Stephens, another prominent light in Grace Episcopal church. When asked whether Episcopalians generally believed the Bishop had been insane upon the subject of improper intercourse, replied very promptly and emphatically that they did not. It was generally confessed that his conduct was the result of genuine immorality, and no attempt would be made to shield him by any theory that his mind was impaired. The Bishop of course denied the charges in toto and to Mr. Stephens' personal knowledge had offered to take any oath, no matter of what description, that they were wholly and unequivocally false. He had, however, confessed to being the author of a few of the letters which bore his own signature.

A lay Episcopalian of prominence while admitting the truth of the letters and deplored the acts of the bishop declared him to be his bête noire and ridiculed the idea of his committing the act by reason of his physical incapability.

Now that the story is out, every other man one meets in Detroit recalls the fact that the Bishop was in the habit of following every attractive girl he saw, and as none of the girls are willing to admit that they are otherwise, most of them concede that they were among the number, and some of them assert openly, that the aged cleric followed them for blocks with loving glances. It is also claimed now that it has been a common boast for years among some of the boys about town that they slaked their thirst at the same fountain as did the head of the church.

One of the captured letters to Fannie Richards accompanied by a parcel, said substantially that, during his last visit to her room he had noticed that a certain useful piece of crockery in her possession was not of a material worthy to be used by so much "discovered" loveliness, and begged her acceptance from him of the one accompanying the note, the same being a costly and gorgeous article, with a broad gold band around it. The note further requested that its first use be reserved until his next visit, in order that he might be present and

#### WITNESS THE EPISODE.

Had he been lower in rank, the disgrace would not be so keenly felt by the church; and had he been younger in years—in the heyday of youth or the vigor of middle age—there would not have been wailing thousands willing to palliate his offense and shield him from the penalty. But he stands on the brink of the grave and defies the near heaven and the receding earth for the gratification of a baser lust that is stronger than a sense of honor, stronger than the love of man or God, and could only have usurped the mastery by almost life-long indulgence. All those who have been at all intimate with him have known for many years that he indulged quite freely in wines and liquors; and even those whose ac-

quaintance with him was confined to the street could not fail to recognize the fact from his enlarged nose and decidedly rummy complexion. And yet he was upheld and sustained in his exalted position, when any ordinary community would have been promptly disciplined. Still worse he was known, it is said, to be indolently fond of female society, and almost numberless rumors have been afloat for years impugning his chastity. But he looked like a Bishop; he never failed to remind all with whom he came in contact that he was a Bishop; and his indomitable will seems to have lulled all to sleep in the conviction that he would be a Bishop while he lived.

From all reports, the scene between Bishop McCoskey and the two vestrymen who summoned him into their presence and first broke the terrible news to him that all was discovered, must have been one

#### OR THE MOST DRAMATIC CHARACTER.

Before these two men, overwhelmed with a sense of the self-imposed duty which they had to perform, yet nerve to the point of doing it unflinchingly, came this pompos, arrogant, self-confident vicegerent of heaven, rejoicing in his supposed strength. Heretofore his imperious will had swept down all obstacles. He was a law unto himself. In a few well-chosen words the awful revelation was made, and the profound dignitary of the proudest church in the universe was an abject mendicant at their feet.

Abbott & Ketchum are carpet dealers in Detroit. Some time since the firm employed a young man as a collector, on account of his good address and his qualifications for business. The employee, recognizing the fact that he was at work for a great house, and that he could only hope for advancement by zeal and attention to business, devoted himself to his calling with great industry and effect. Among the bills placed in his hands, it is said, was one for carpets purchased for a residence of a lady acquaintance of the Bishop. The bill should have been handed to the Bishop for payment, according to his direction, but, owing to some oversight, the collector took the same to the woman's house. On ringing the bell a female domestic appeared at the door, who seemed not particularly distinguished for her vivacity of conversation or brilliancy of intellect. She greeted the young man with a stare as he calmly walked into the hall and addressed himself to business. He inquired for the lady of the house, and was informed that she was in her apartments above. The collector mounted the stairs, and entered the first room at hand. The story is that his astonished eyes fell upon the Bishop, who was holding the mistress of the house

#### UPON HIS LAP.

A little scream and a scramble announced that the visit was an unexpected and an unpleasant one. The young man has since that time been advanced to a high and responsible position with the firm he has served so well. The moral is obvious.

Having given the story of the alleged guilt of the Bishop so much in detail it is but fair that what little has thus far appeared on the side of the defense should also be given a place beside.

Following the alleged denial of the Bishop himself and a statement of the ground taken by his friends.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—Bishop McCoskey denies the whole story; declares he resigned on account of ill health and old age, and points to a life of rectitude for seventy-four years as his vindication. It is suggested, though not urged, in explanation of the letters, that he was becoming deranged on some points, and that he wrote them while out of his head. The matter has been kept a profound secret and leaked out cautiously. There are said to be more facts lying back, but the Detroit papers publish nothing about the scandal, and no interviews hitherto held have elicited any facts here.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., April 17.—Several prominent Episcopalians of this city were interviewed this evening in regard to the McCoskey scandal. Rev. Wm. Hall, member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, said: "As a member of the Standing Committee, I have investigated the matter thoroughly; have read every letter, and carefully studied them all, and have fully decided that there is no evidence of guilt. The Bishop may have been indiscreet; no doubt that the letters are genuine; many of them, while on common-place topics, may be construed into the guilt of the writer by one who does not know all the circumstances. The story is really terrible, but medical experts in Detroit have informed me that a man of peculiar build like that of the Bishop, and his time of life, could not perform the act with which he is charged. I think the trouble grew out of the Bishop's willingness to befriend the poor girl. The opinion is expressed that there are still other letters not yet discovered. I fear it is so."

Rev. Hall said he believed McCoskey has incipient softening of the brain. Others who were interviewed are about equally divided in their opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the Bishop. All are inclined, however, to take the most charitable view of the matter.

#### A Seducer's Expiation.

RICHMOND, Ind., April 18.—Last winter, while Mrs. Charles Maul was confined, her husband seduced her sister and two servant girls who were attending her. When Mrs. Maul learned this so greatly did it effect her that she became a ravaging maniac and she is now confined in the insane asylum at Indianapolis. To avoid her father's vengeance Maul fled and was unheard of until a day or two since, when he returned and resumed work at his trade.

Maul's brother, the Stevenson boy, heard of his return and in pursuance of an oath made by them last winter they met him on a bridge at the edge of the city this morning and shot him seven times. Three balls entered his body, producing wounds from the effects of which his death is hourly expected. The Stevensons have given notice that they will be on hand whenever the courts want them. No arrests have been made. Public sentiment strongly favors the boys. The three girls are all pregnant. Fear enters that one or more of them will become insane.

#### Murderer Sentenced.

FREDERICK, Md., April 19.—Edward Costley, alias Edward Dorsey, found guilty during the September term of court of the murder of his cousin, Solomon Costley, Jr., in this county in April last, and afterward arrested in New York, to-day received his death sentence. An effort is being made to induce the Governor to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life; but it is thought it will be unavailing, as the jury which convicted him declined to sign the requisite petition.

CLEVELAND, O., April 9.—Leonard Stroud, a Farmer, aged fifty-five years, residing in Troy, Geauga county, finally stabbed his wife on Thursday last and then cut his own throat, dying in a few minutes. Mrs. Stroud died at noon to-day.

#### DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

Which is the Case with Dave Johnson who has Found Montana very Unhealthy for Him.

#### A THRICELY HANGED MAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—Hung up three times in a railroad tunnel by the vigilantes of Montana, Dave Johnson returns to Chicago to show the boys the prints of the frontier type which are still upon his neck. The *Times* thus recounts his adventures: "Jes me back, be Jaz; in one day and out the next," said Dave, as he put the kerchief back on the pivot of his head after showing his scars. Then he pulled his hat to one side, closed one eye, expectorated, and shot his teeth, and pulled vigorously at a "torch."

"It's a wonder that the jape don't get cholt me, be Jaz, and write me up. Well, I'm back again, but I reckon they'll be onto me of I stay. Jes me luck, be Jaz."

In action, movement, and general style Dave Johnson is very much like the quandary Mose who used to stand around the corners with a tempered pup for a companion. There is not much of the underside of life which he has not seen, and, as is usually the case with such men at the last turn, he is considerably subdued, and would enjoy let alone for awhile to an extent which none but himself could appreciate.

"It was me fault at the send-off. I was not a pet; but I've had to kind o' edge me way along, and it's many's the shuv that I've had, be Jaz."

He goes his "send-off" as he calls it, in Buffalo, N. Y. It's the boast of Buffalo that it has scattered more scabs broadcast than any city on this continent. Johnson was a "dock wulliper" there, and after numerous little escapades with the police he "sailed." Just when he anchored in Chicago is not on his "log," but he fell in with the Dan O'Brien gang, which at that time did what the Garritty's, O'Delle's, and Hassells of to-day do, when not behind the grates. In the last deal which Johnson had here he got the worst of it. Having been "vagged" several times, he thought the lines were being drawn about him too closely, and veered toward the setting sun. He put in a part of the season at Frisco, but the former rough edges there had become a little too smooth for Dave, and he turned about when the Black Hills gulches threw up their Eldorado shaft, and the gates to the jewels of the earth were opened.

It will be many a day before all the incidents of that last excitement will be told. Its new inhabitants came to it better skilled than they were when the valleys of Los Angeles and Sacramento turned up their nuggets stained every time

WITH CLOUTS OF BLOOD.

As everything good tends to perfection in this world, so does the evil girl about itself, and one reaction leaps forward to eclipse a former. There were men in the expedition to the Hills who had braved against the glitter and the dash of society; who had ridden under starless skies after a bloody duel; who had won and lost both in the games of cards and the game of hearts, and who took in the last act with their hands upon their belts, feeling that the time for the last stand had arrived. For such men there is no longer any discussion. The neutral territory is marked off on their maps, and to question the statement of one of them means to back up the interrogatory with the knife or the "swamp angel" or navy. Outlawed in a land of freedom; hunted by men who sometimes are their inferiors in every relation of life, two-thirds of these men verily believe that theirs is the most uneven game in the world. "They have made me what I am," is the retort which they give when the red-tape reformers chide them on their conditions. In all of the advancements of civilization it has not yet been able to promulgate a formula by which these men who have outraged its society can be brought back. They don't understand the philosophy of that religion which inures them a "soft thing" in the other world, and pillows their heads upon stones in this. The prison reformers subdue them while the gates are shut and the wardens are at the post. But when their "time" has been served and they are turned out on the world they go forth with a hang-dog look that sticks to their countenances as long as they exist, and, knowing this, they go through the remainder of their days like whipped curs that are started down a line between two walls, with tin cans tied to their tails.

Dave Johnson may not be quite so bad a man as some of these, but he has been knocked about and put in with them so repeatedly that he imagines himself "one of the gang" in every respect. He "got tired" of the Hills—which the boys understand as meaning that he was uneasy, and when one of these fellows gets uneasy it is time for people who read prayer-books to get out of the country. He "pulled up" at a Montana town where "society" was established. That is,

#### THE TOWN WAS FINISHED.

It had got along to that point where it sustained lawyers, where the saloons were no longer built on wheels, and where the gambling halls figured in the directories; and where the vigilantes took the place of the lawyers when the lawyers and the judges were a little short of justice; where Dave and the boys played nothing but the "case," where the "bars" had advanced to that degree where two bottles were kept, and a few paid their accounts promptly without fearing that they had handed out on the end of a navy. The rough and grizzled mountaineer rather enjoys such a consideration as this after the close of a stormy career. But this state of affairs does not necessarily imply a total absence from slitting men's throats. In this village Dave rested. He obtained a situation in one of the "bars" which was an auxiliary to the den above, where a man could get most any kind of a deal he wanted. There was a lawyer in the town whose name was Clay. He claimed that some of the blood which trickled through the veins of "Harry of Ashland" was in his, and he startled the world now and then with a kind of a twang, which was musical. A man's claim to nothing in that country doesn't go. He has got to show his hand in every deal. He has got to put up or pass out. There are no pedigrees in that country. They count the scalps in a man's belt and then try him on another. This "alleged relation"—there were some alleged things in that country as there are some in Chicago—had been up at the game one night very late and came down loser and very sulky. He growled and then threatened to squeal if he didn't get a part of the play returned. There is a difference between a "square" out there and one in Chicago. When a man is "steered against the joint" in Chicago, and gets beaten, as is very apt to be the case, he runs up what is known as a special, especially detailed by the chief of police to stand around the corner, and when the squealer comes up and makes his complaint the "joint" is interviewed by the special "ditta," a divvy arranged and the squealer is not on deck when the case is

called. Very nice arrangement. But in Montana and some other parts of the west, where the position of chief of police has not yet become one of the emoluments, when a man squeals he goes out of the door head foremost. This was a part of Dave Johnson's business. And when Clay made his threats Dave collared him. Clay had some of the fire in him and he resented the "collar" with a blade which he drew artistically across the abdomen of David.

#### THAT MEANT BUSINESS.

Dave drew his navy, and he laid that navy and Clay down together. In a few minutes Clay was as lifeless as the instrument which had chilled the circulation of his body and clogged its machinery. Dave went to bed, and for sixteen days he waited for somebody to call on him, besides his friends and the doctor, but they didn't come.

"I didn't care to lose me posish," said Dave, "so I took myself back to the bar and went to work. They planted Clay, but they never served any paper on me."

A few weeks after this occurrence another man "croaked" in the same place, and some inquiries were made in regard to his death, but the interrogatory was never answered. Dave waited a while longer, and as no one called on him he took the train one night for the states. This excited suspicion.

The vigilantes at the next station were notified, and when the train pulled up, the mounted dispensers of justice "called Dave," and he showed his hand. There was no discussion. On the next train the other vigilantes arrived and Dave was taken to a tunnel under the track, and after the rope had been fixed they asked him who killed Clay. He told them he did the act. Then who killed the other man? He didn't know. They led the horse out from under him and he awoke at the end of the rope. They gave him another show, but he had nothing to impart. They tried the third time with similar results. Then they cut him down, carried him to a track

watchman's lookout, laid him down and dashed off over the prairies, leaving him to die or beat the game as he could. He laid there until the watchman came up and he was cared for. As soon as he recuperated he kissed his hand to the mountain peaks, the "eternal snows" of which were being crimsoned by setting sun, and passed out.

"It's jest me luck, be Jaz," said Dave as he asked the boys at the "House" what they would have, and leaned against the bar as if he were a trifle tired. "Ye can see the marks of the string on my neck just here; they drew on me, but I protested, is that what ye call it?" And the "boys" clicked their glasses together to the familiar old toast, "Ere's luck."

#### The Spencer Butchery.

KEOKUK, Iowa, April 15.—The trial of Willis James for the murder of the Spencer family, near Luray, Clark county, Mo., was commenced in the circuit court at Kokomo, Mo., this morning. The entire day was occupied with the work of securing a jury. One hundred men were subpoenaed, and from these the requisite forty were selected, who were found, upon examination, to be qualified to act as jurors. From this number the prosecution will excuse eight, the defense will reject twenty, and the remaining twelve will try the case. Forty-eight hours time is allowed in which to do this, and the probability is that the full time will be exhausted. The defense objected to several of those who were examined, on the ground that they belong to the anti-Horse-Thief Society, but the objections were overruled by the court. Seventy-nine witnesses have already been subpoenaed, and the trial will probably occupy several weeks. The prisoner was taken into court this morning, and occupied the seat near his attorneys. He kept his eyes constantly on the men who were being examined, but did not converse with anyone except when he was addressed. He is cool and collected, rather pale from long confinement, but is otherwise in good physical condition, and weighs about twenty pounds more than when he was arrested. The attorneys for the State are Ben E. Turner, prosecuting attorney of Clark county, and D. T. Miller & Sons, of Keokuk, and for the defense Matlock Hiler, of Kanona, and James Hagerman of Keokuk.

The murder, which was the most shocking in the annals of crime in this section, was committed on the night of August 3, or on the morning of August 3, 1877. The victims were Wm. L. Spencer, his daughters Alice and Jane, aged twenty and eighteen respectively, Willis and Charley, aged ten and seven respectively. Spencer and his son Willis slept in the hay-loft in the stable where Spencer and his son were struck in the head with the ax and their skulls crushed in the most shocking manner. The murderer then proceeded to the house, and dispatched the remaining three in a similar manner. Their skulls were all broken in with an ax and their faces frightfully disfigured. Except the youngest son, whose body was lying across that of his sister, the victims were all in the attitude of sleep, the bloody work having been accomplished without arousing them. The ax was found under the window through which entrance to the house was affected. It was covered with blood, hair, and brains closely matted together. The most intense excitement prevailed in that locality for days and the anti-Horse-Thief Society of Clark county made a vigilant search for weeks without discovering any positive clue, so adroitly had the murderous design been carried out. Suspicion pointed to Willis James, who is the brother-in-law of Spencer, more openly than anyone else, and after a

## NEWELL NOVELTIES.

**Spicy Letters in the Great Divorce Suit—A Bride's Cushing Epistle to her "Dearest Friend."**

## LOVE AND LUCRE.

The Count Johanne, the great unscrupulous, respondent with foreign orders, was among the first of the visitors to arrive in the Supreme Court, Part 2, on Tuesday morning, 16th inst., to witness the divorce drama of Mrs. Lorenzo D. Newell against her better or worse half, and in which her love letters addressed to the late millionaire, W. H. Boardman, of Boston, were being read. The fair plaintiff took notes with the energy of an industrious reporter. Opposite to herself Mr. Fullerton and Colonel Fellows, and assistants. Mr. Ten Eyck and Mr. Arnold, with the respondent, Mr. Newell, sat at another table. The lawyers wore their green coats, and looked bored. Miss Candace Olney, the talented milliner, arrived at noon, and looked haughty and self-complacent. Judge Lawrence looked vexed at the trial not commanding punctually at half-past ten, having to wait nearly a quarter to eleven.

The trial was continued in Part 2 on account of it being a larger room than Part 3, where it has been going on for several days, and to accommodate the influx of visitors. A considerable number of ladies were present, who came to hear Mrs. Newell allegue that her husband was not what he ought to be, while he for his Roland throws no less than three Olivers at her.

Colonel C. Pickering, the Boston lawyer, went on the witness stand again. All that his duties consist of, nowadays, are to say to Mr. Ira Shafter, "I recognize the handwriting of this letter which you show me as being that of the plaintiff." The letters were all contained in inner envelopes, marked "W. H. Boardman, 57 India Wharf, Boston, or 6 Lamont place."

The following letter was written on the day of Mrs. Newell's marriage, to Mr. Boardman, and argues badly for the happiness of Newell:

"BOSTON, June 6, 1865.

"MY OWN DEAREST FRIEND: I received your kind note of yesterday afternoon, for which please accept my thanks, and believe me the same as ever, with much love. I am, affectionately, \*\*\*"

"I SEND YOU A THOUSAND KISSES."

In another she says:

"With me, since last I had the pleasure of speaking with you, days have passed even as months, with only one ray of light to soften the stern realities of this life, and that was the light from thy own dear face (as by chance I met you), which sent a thrill through my heart that never can be forgotten—\* \* \* the only true happiness when two hearts beat as one and two souls with a single thought." Oh, yes, what happiness, even now, when sweet memory recalls to me thy first kiss, which at this moment seems fresh upon my cheek, and which check I look upon as being sacred to thy memory, while seemingly I listen to catch the sweet tones that even bid my soul rejoice. \* \* \* Please do write me soon and tell me when and where I can again see you, and anything else that you please, even if it be to scold me, and, if you desire, I will return it by mail or when I shall see you as you may direct. \* \* \* You told me to write you what things I desired. I do not like to write you; I had rather tell you orally. And then they do so much for me! I do not feel like saying what I need most. That which you gave me last, if you have no objections, I will expend for a black silk dress."

Here is another from Paris:

"In each steamer since the middle of January I have expected you. I have counted each day as it passed and could say, 'This brings me so much nearer to the one I so fondly love.' When the steamers have been telegraphed my heart would leap with joy, and I would say, 'I know he will come this time.' Each rap at the door sent a thrill to my heart and I hastened to meet my own dearest friend; but, alas! each time my heart has been made sad and desolate. \* \* \* But my heart is indeed sad, with no one to love whom I love. Oh! that I could again be as happy as I was one year ago. Since I came to Paris I have remained at home nearly all of my time, except when I could go alone in the day. I have had many invitations to balls, also places of amusement, but I did not care to go unless I could go with one whom I am sure you know well. For his sake I have remained at home. \* \* \* I think by and by I will give English lessons here, and I hope to be able to make myself all I desire. \* \* \* I hope in the meantime to go to Italy and Egypt. I do wish, my dear, you could come and see me."

"LET ME GO WITH YOU."

More Parisian gushing:

"PARIS, January 11, 1866.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND: Did you not tell me that when I wished money I need never be afraid? It is painful to feel that I am forgotten by one I have had the greatest reasons to love and adore."

"Mr. —— leaves for New York on the 13th of this month, but expects to return by May. (The dash alludes, it is presumed, to Mr. Newell.)

"If you desire my address, you can obtain it at 30 Rue Bergere."

"PARIS, April 1, 1866.

"MY OWN DEAREST FRIEND: In each steamer since the middle of January I have expected you. I have counted each day as it passed, and would say, 'This brings me so much nearer to the one I so fondly love.' Each rap at my door sends a thrill to my heart; but, alas! my heart is as much sad and desolate."

"But my heart is sad with no one to love whom I love—no one to say one kind word to me. For your sake I have refused to go to balls. The reason I asked for money was to take lessons in music to surprise you."

"A."

"No. 47 AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSEES, OR, GRAND HOTEL, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES."

"PARIS, April 3, 1865. [

"MY DEAREST FRIEND—Enclosed I send you a photograph of myself. I do not think very good, but you can burn it after looking at it once if you like. You are always in my thoughts. When I retire I wonder how you are passing your time; and when I rise I say to myself you are still asleep. Believe me, ever with much love."

"PARIS, May 3, 1866.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND—Each day assures me and reassures me that I am forgotten by my dearest friend. I daily ask myself why I should be remembered by him; but, dearest friend, I have every reason to remember you with profound reverence and deepest affection and adoration. No, I can never forget you, as such fond memory reminds me of the dear, dear friend you have been to me, mingled with the sweet thought of the few vanished hours of happiness I have passed in your society. Much, very much, have I hoped the past winter to pass some time with you; but such happiness, I fear,

is never again to be mine. It is sad to realize the fact that we are forgotten by those dearest to us, without whose remembrance life must be enshrouded in deepest gloom."

"DO, DO COME TO PARIS."

In another Parisian letter she thus minglest devotion and dunces:

"I am not well and I never expect to be better, and I assure you it will be a relief to die, not from physical sufferings, but that of mental. But if I could only see you I would be content, but I dare not hope; still, it is a silent hope that keeps me alive. But I will refrain from writing more, my heart is filled with deepest grief and it must ever be unless you will let me come to see you, or you will come here that I may see you soon. My last thoughts at night are of and for you, as also my first in the morning, and often I pass the night in thinking of you, but, alas! And now, my dear friend, I will cease, except I have a favor to ask which I would not think of asking, had you not told me before I left Boston I could do. I wrote you some time ago that I had no money, but as yet I have not received any from you. I do not know how to get along any longer. I wish you would send me 1,000 francs."

Again she holds out a threat of retiring to a convent:

"PARIS, August 11, 1871.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—If I say 'Mon cher Bien-aimé' will you be angry with me? I almost hear you say that I ought not to repeat my name, and if you prefer I should not ought to be content, of course. I can think what I like if I do not express the same. When I think of the time that is passing—each day, each week and month, and as rapidly as the days, weeks and months vanish just so rapidly are our lives passing away, and the few happy hours we might spend together are being spent in solitude, in sadness and in deepest anguish, as only a devoted heart can know. These are sentiments perhaps unknown to you; however; to one with a heart as yours I am sure such sentiments must be appreciated. Cannot you leave and come, if only for a short time? I am almost sorry I asked you, for I fear you may be annoyed, but if I were with you or near you I would not tease you; but I fear I shall never be near you again, for I am almost without hope of seeing you hereand have decided to take the black veil and go into a convent. As I have been, or rather am, married will not take me unless I take the black veil at once, and then shall never go outside of the walls of the convent. I am going to wait until the last of October, and then adieu to all the world. I will not trouble you with my sadness after that; but I cannot begin to tell you how much I suffer from not being able to see you. With all my prayers for your continued health and happiness, and with much love and many kisses, I am, ever affectionately, ANNA."

Again she mingues:

"LOVE AND LUCRE."

"MY DEAR FRIEND: If I should add the 'est' or should I say 'only,' I should not say half I mean or half I feel, but I will desist. You cannot imagine my desolation and agony, and I beg you will, for my sake, write me if it be only two lines. The lady with whom I reside is very kind and does all she can to console me, but consolation is impossible for me unless I see you, even if it be to scold me, and, if you desire, I will return it by mail or when I shall see you as you may direct. \* \* \* You told me to write you what things I desired. I do not like to write you; I had rather tell you orally. And then they do so much for me! I do not feel like saying what I need most. That which you gave me last, if you have no objections, I will expend for a black silk dress."

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"ANNA."

## DIVERS DEMONIACISMS.

**Weekly Balance Sheet of the Transactions of the Old and Reliable House of Beelzebub**

## AND HIS WICKED PARTNERS.

## LYNCHEST AT LAST.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 17.—A special to the American from Huntsville, Ala., reports that a mob to-day lynched Mike White and two negroes, who assassinated George Shoemacher, a butcher, on Friday last.

## ATTEMPT AT RAPE.

DIXON, Ill., April 15.—Napoleon B. Miller, arrested on Friday last for an attempt to commit rape on Emma Schwabe, ten years old, had his examination to-day before Justice Lewis, and was remanded to jail in default of bail, to await the action of the Grand Jury in May next.

## DEFALCATION AND ADULTERY.

BOSTON, Mass., April 15.—It has come out to-day that on the 2d ult., Frank F. Saville, boot-keeper and cashier for Jordan, Lovett & Co., insurance brokers, disappeared in company with a young woman of Charlestown, as alleged, leaving a wife and two or three children, and investigation shows him a defaulter to \$2,000.

## A LIVELY SCANDAL.

LAURENCE, Mass., April 15.—David P. Rockwell, a married man from Haverhill, and Gertrude Allen, a very stylish young lady of this city, were arrested, in flagrante delicto, this morning, and held for trial, the arresting officer expecting to catch another man than Rockwell, and public curiosity is excited to know who it was.

## JAIL BREAKERS FOILED.

SULLIVAN, Ill., April 15.—There are but two occupants of the county jail at present as prisoners, brothers by the name of Douglas, confined for stealing. About 2 o'clock last night they were discovered by Sheriff Linder sawing the bars of an outside window with a tenant-saw. They would doubtless have gone before morning.

## THE MURDERERS CONVICTED.

GALVESTON, Texas, April 17.—A special to the American from San Antonio to-night says the jury in the case of the murder in 1867 of Mr. Brazell and son, brought in a verdict that the prisoners Cox, Ryan and Satterlee are guilty of murder in the first degree. The verdict was received with intense excitement prevails among the colored people, and some fears are entertained that an attempt will be made to lynch the murderer.

## FIERCE MINERS' RIOT.

BLOODY OUTGROWTH OF A FEUD BETWEEN WHITES AND BLACKS.

(Subject of Illustration.)

COVINGTON, Ky., April 18.—At Coal Creek, Ind., a mining town seven miles south of this place, in Fountain county, yesterday a militia company composed of miners who participated in the strike a year ago, had been drilling during the day, and at night, while some of them were in a saloon with their arms stacked in the corner, one of them became engaged in an alteration with a negro who had been sent in for more liquor by a party of negroes who were having a spree. The quarrel grew out of the old feeling between the white and black men, and resulted in the killing of the negro. The whites then moved through the streets, shooting at negroes on sight, and killed two more and mortally wounded another. The Governor, in answer to a call for help, declined to order any until the sheriff should signify his inability to preserve order. Subsequently at the sheriff's request militia were ordered to the scene, and arms were provided for the negroes to enable them to defend themselves from the miners if further opposition should arise.

There has been no further disturbance to-day. The militia have patrolled the streets all day under the sheriff's orders, and business has been generally suspended. Seventy-five rifles have been placed in the hands of the black miners and a supply of ammunition is on the ground.

There is talk that an outbreak of hostilities is not uncertain, but the operators intend to resume work to-morrow, the arms being provided as a means of protection to the miners against the militiamen.

Dr. G. S. Jones, who accompanied the coroner's jury, made a report, of which the following is an abstract:

PHIL COSEN was shot twice through the head from in front, once from behind, and received a bayonet thrust in the breast. Thomas Cooper was shot in the back, the ball passing upward and out at the tip of the breast bone. John Miles was shot through the neck from behind, breaking the spine. All the murdered men were killed on the principal streets of Stringtown, between two hundred yards of each other. Cossen's blood showed that he walked several steps after being shot and left in a gully. Miles dropped dead when shot. As soon as the firing commenced the negroes sought shelter, they having no means of defense. A wounded man, named Peter Artis, is doing well, but the greater part of his flesh being torn from his hand, leaving the sinews bare, makes it a painful wound. Buffalo Bill, a white man, who was working with the negroes, was hit with a heavy club and his shoulder dislocated.

The coroner's inquest was completed to-day, and it is believed a verdict has been agreed upon by the jury, but information as to what it is cannot be obtained. Governor Williams has been earnestly solicited to send a representative of the state authorities to observe the condition of things, and information was received this evening that the adjutant-general was on his way here.

Three Men to be Hanged.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 19.—The three men to be hanged at Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, on Monday next, whose death warrants were signed by Governor Nicholls on April 3, are Wesley Turner, alias Degan, for murdering Frederick Erhardt, a respected citizen of Franklin, while sitting in the door of a saloon at Centreville; Jackson Edwards, for murdering his brother, James Edwards, by stabbing him in the back while the latter was running for his life; and Alcock Brown, who for money murdered William Dudley, his partner and friend, by beating his head almost into a jelly on the railroad, near Grand Wood Plantation. The execution will take place between the hours of eleven A.M. and two P.M.

Execution of "Nigger Sam."

FORT ST. JAMES, N.Y., April 19.—Sam Steenburgh, alias "Nigger Sam," the most brutal negro ever known in these parts, was hanged here to-day for the murder of Jacob S. Parker, a farmer, near Mineville, N. Y., on November 17th last. The crime was committed for the purpose of robbery. He died like most of his class, calling upon God and forgiving the world. The sheriff expected that there would be trouble, and called for two companies of militia, but there was no attempt at disturbance. Ten or twelve thousand spectators witnessed the execution. Shortly before his death Steenburgh confessed to having committed eleven murders, besides numerous other crimes.

Killed by Carelessness.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHEELING, W. Va., April 15.—Frank Maxwell, a boy of sixteen, a reigning bell, a fat, handsome, and educated quadroon of 18, on the charge of the murder of her newborn infant, which she killed and threw in a well. For some time past Martha has been engaged to, and mostly in the company of, a prominent young colored politician and former member of the legislature. Whether this broad-gauge statesman has led the girl astray has not been developed; but he avers that he has not been in her company for some months, and that the engagement has been broken off. The inference is that the girl was seduced by some one else, who deserted her, and to hide her disgrace she murdered her offspring. Martha is the daughter of an well-known colored merchant.

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SHOOTING OF THE BRUTE GREIG, GILES COUNTY, VA.



FRANK MAXWELL'S FATAL CARELESSNESS, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.



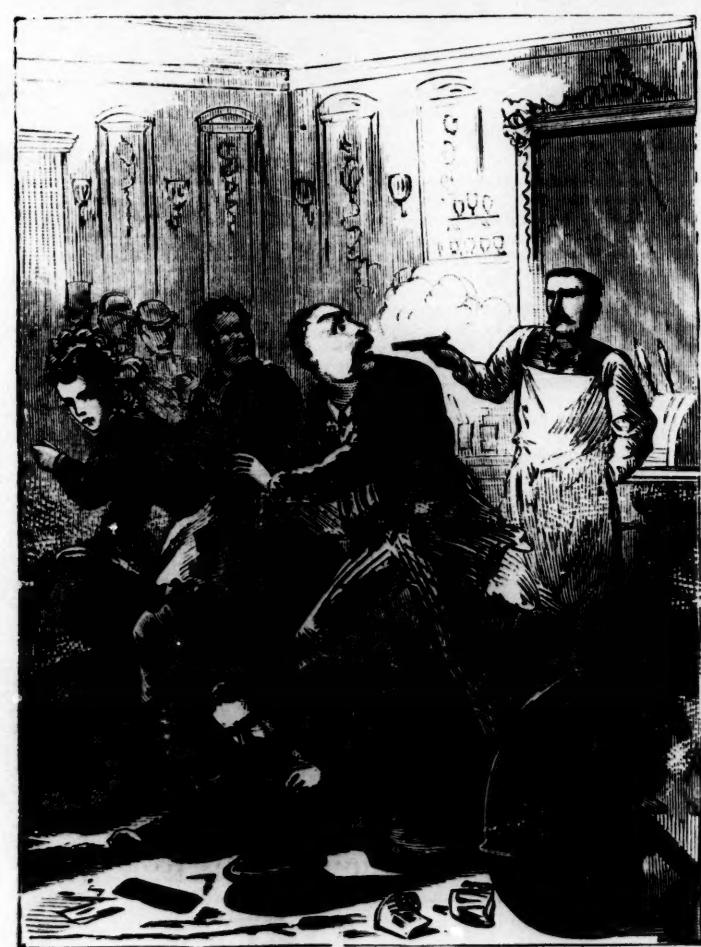
SHOOTING OF MR. LYONS BY LANMAN, BOSTON, MASS.



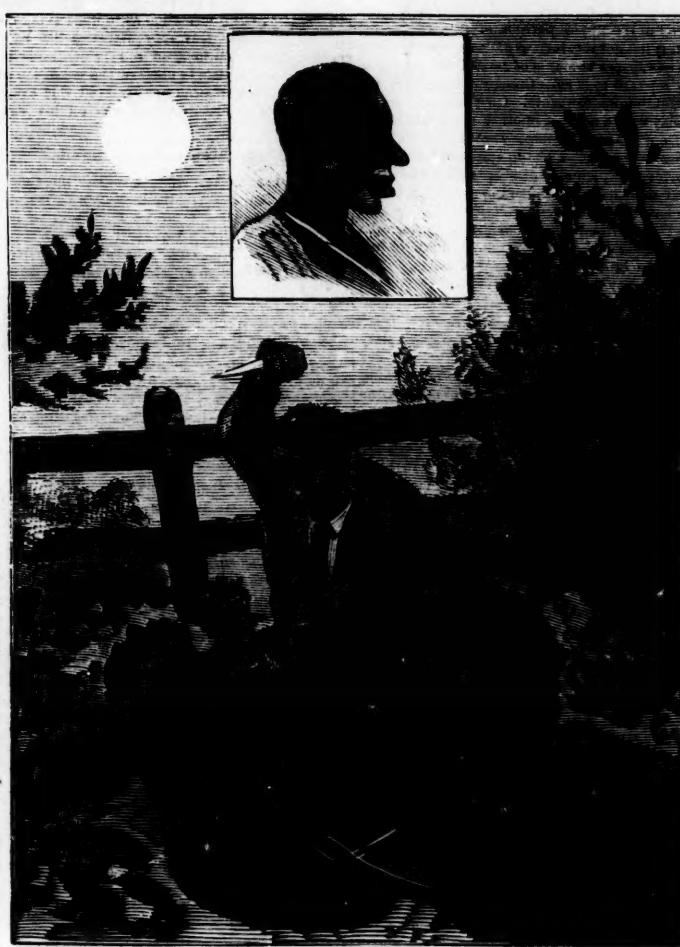
THE BEECHER TILTON SCANDAL.—SCENE BETWEEN MRS. TILTON AND HER SON CARROLL.



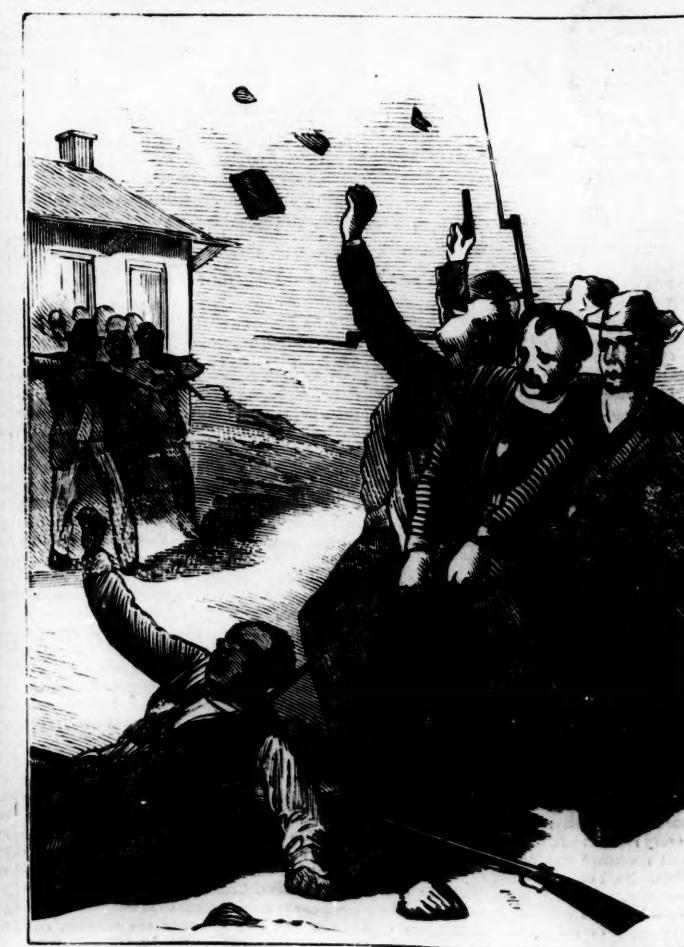
FAST LIFE IN NEW YORK.—SCENE IN THE ARGYLE DANCE ROOMS ON A "SHADOW" NIGHT.



DESPERATE FRACAS IN BAUER'S SALOON, BOWERY N. Y.



MURDER OF DARBY ELLINGTON BY JIM DAVIS, FAYETTEVILLE, GA.



RIOT BETWEEN WHITE AND BLACK MINERS, COAL CREEK, IND.